



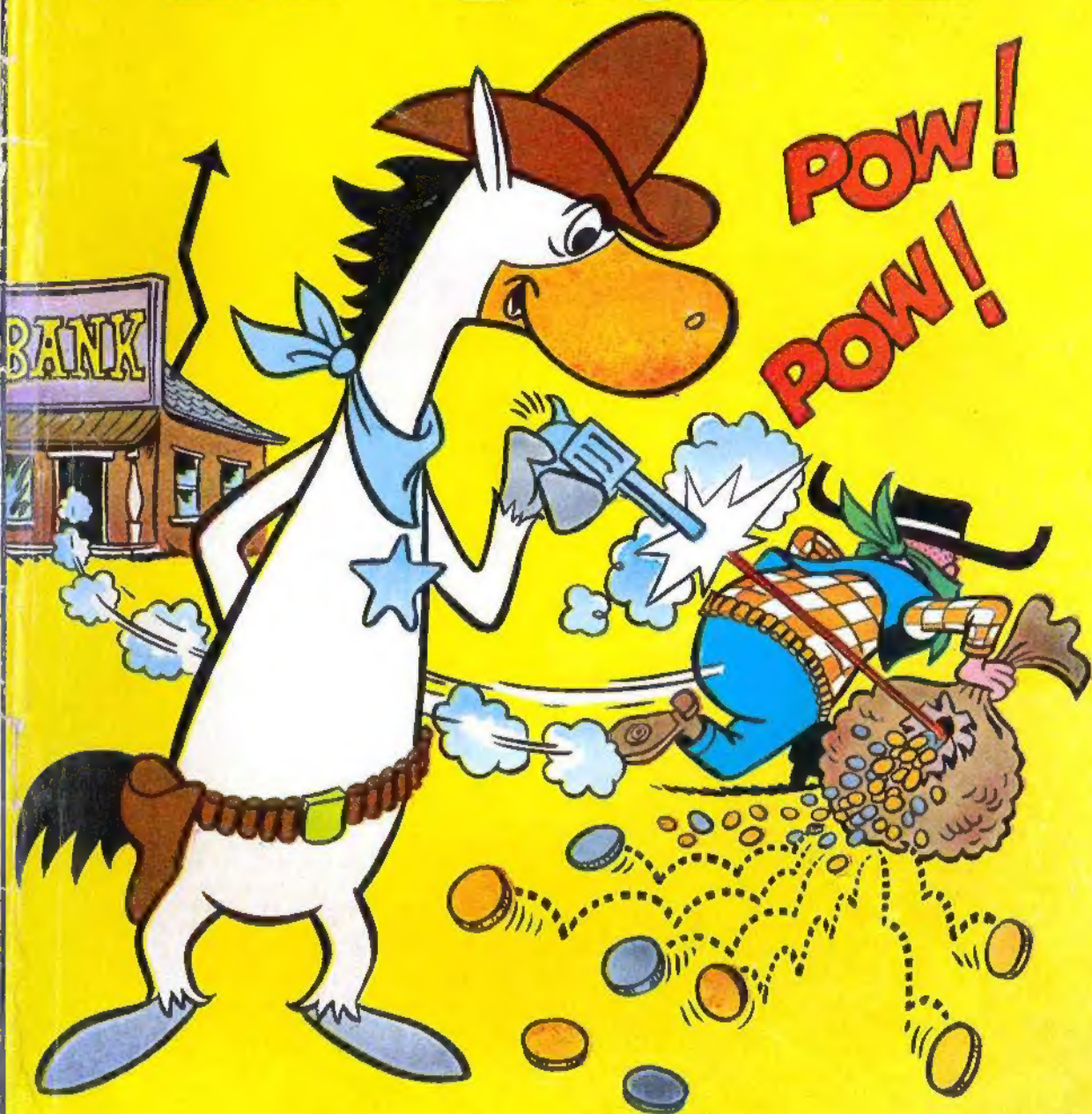
QUICK DRAW MCGRAW

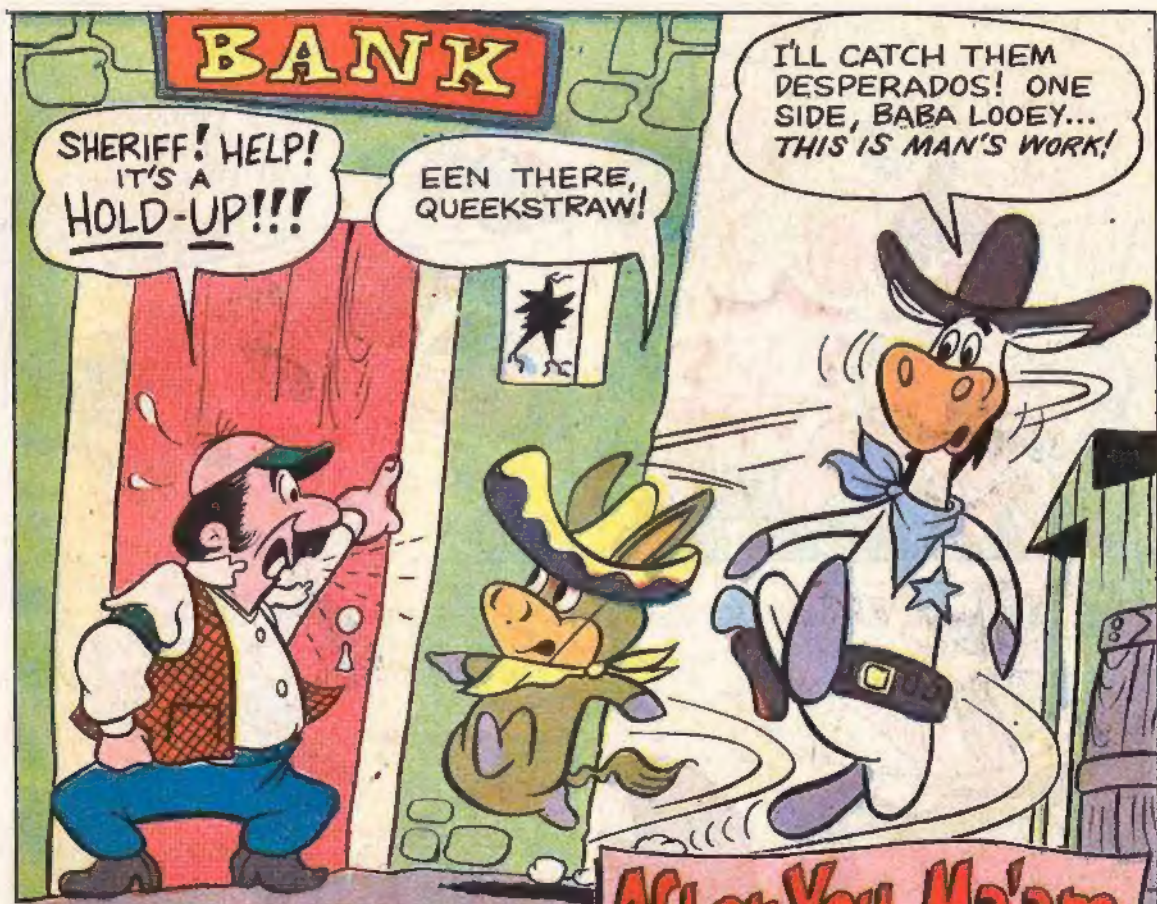


a Hanna-
Barbera
Production

NO. 1
NOV.
CDC

15¢





QUICK DRAW MCGRAW

WHY YOU WAIT, QUEEKSTRAW! THE BANDIDOS ARE EEN THERE I THIN'!

I THIN' SO TOO, BABA LOOEY!

I'LL ARREST 'EM WHEN THEY COME OUT!

After You, Ma'am

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED LADIES!

QUICK DRAW MCGRAW WILL PROTECT YOU!

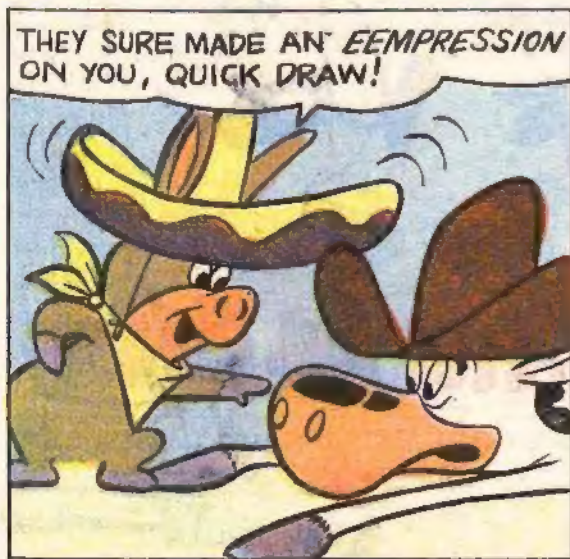
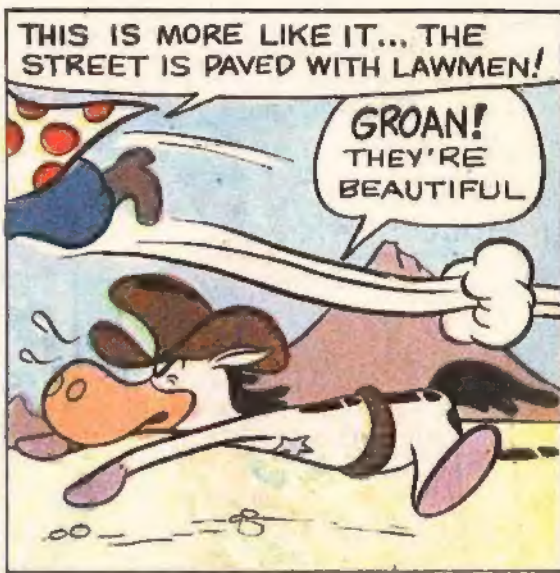


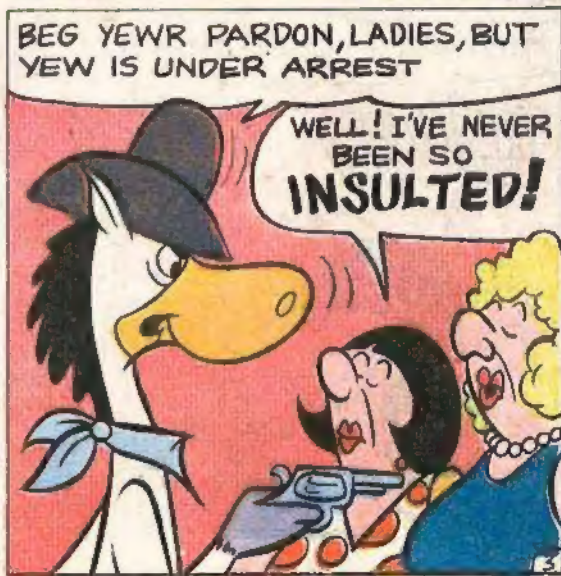
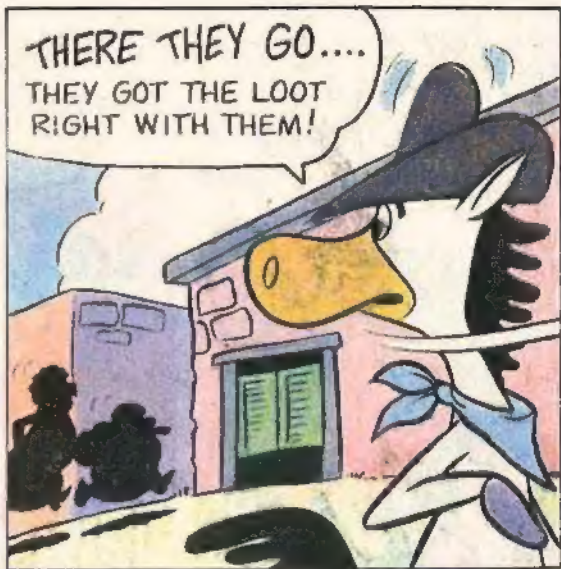
QUICK DRAW MCGRAW Vol. 1, No. 1, November, 1970,

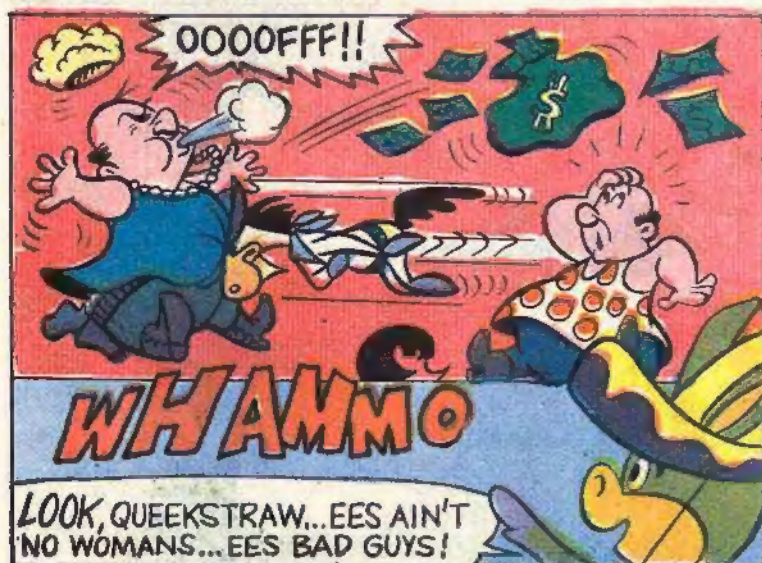
published bimonthly by Charlton Press, Inc. at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. © Copyright 1970 Charlton Press, Inc. International copyright secured. All rights reserved. 15¢ per copy. Subscription 90¢ annually. Printed in U.S.A. Sal Gelfin, Managing Editor. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended.

This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price.

© 1970, HANNA-BARBERA PRODUCTIONS, INC.

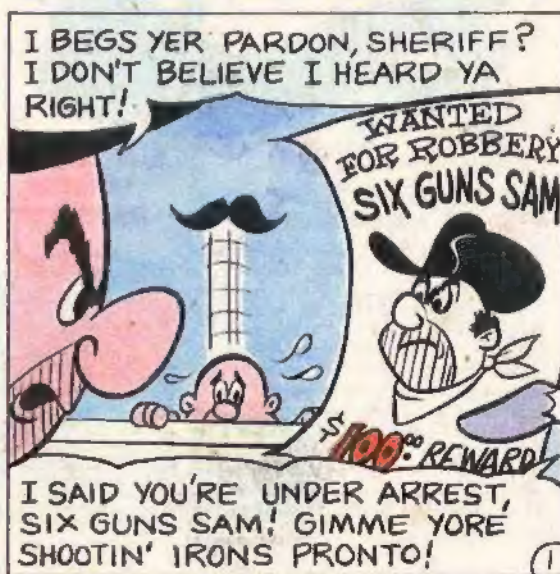
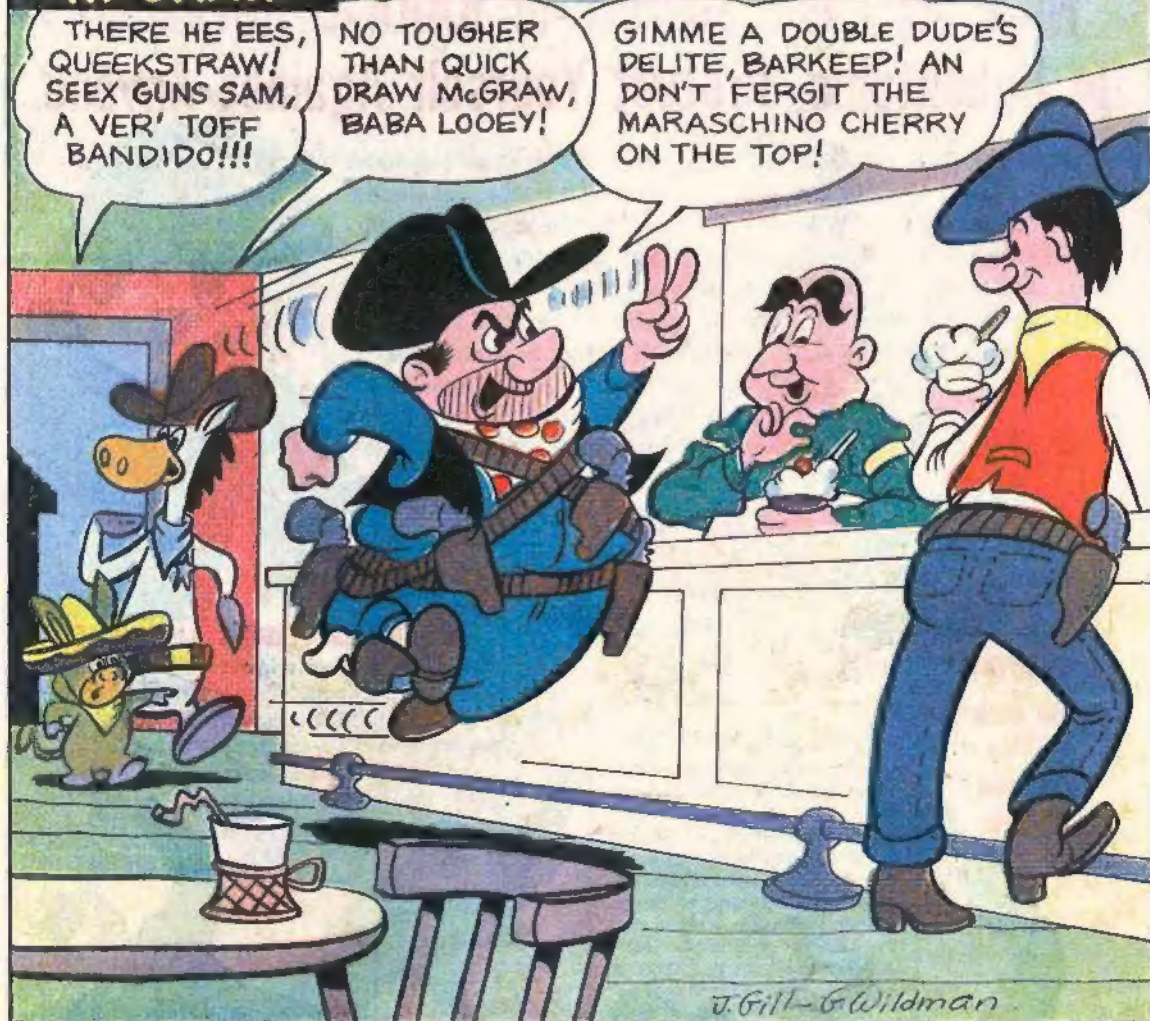






QUICK DRAW McGRAW

6 GUNS SAM





WHY SHORE, SHERIFF!
WANT 'EM ALL AT
ONCET OR ONE AT
A TIME?

H-H-HOWEVER
YUH SAY,
MISTER SIX
GUNS SAM!

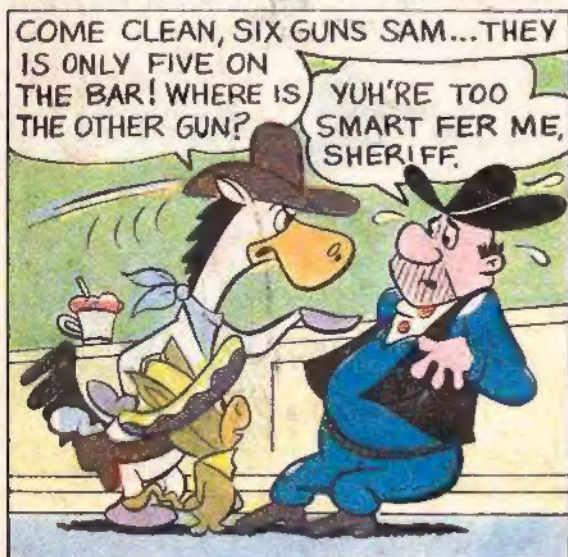
YOU TELL
HEEM,
QUEEK-
STRAW!



THAR YA BE, SHERIFF!

LE'S SEE! UH...ONE! TUH-TWO! TWO
AND A HALF... I MEAN THREE! FOUR!
DUH...NOW, IT'S GITTIN' HARDER!

THERE ARE ONLY
FIVE, QUEEKSTRAW!
HE TRY TO CHIT YOU!



COME CLEAN, SIX GUNS SAM...THEY
IS ONLY FIVE ON
THE BAR! WHERE IS
THE OTHER GUN?

YUH'RE TOO
SMART FER ME,
SHERIFF.



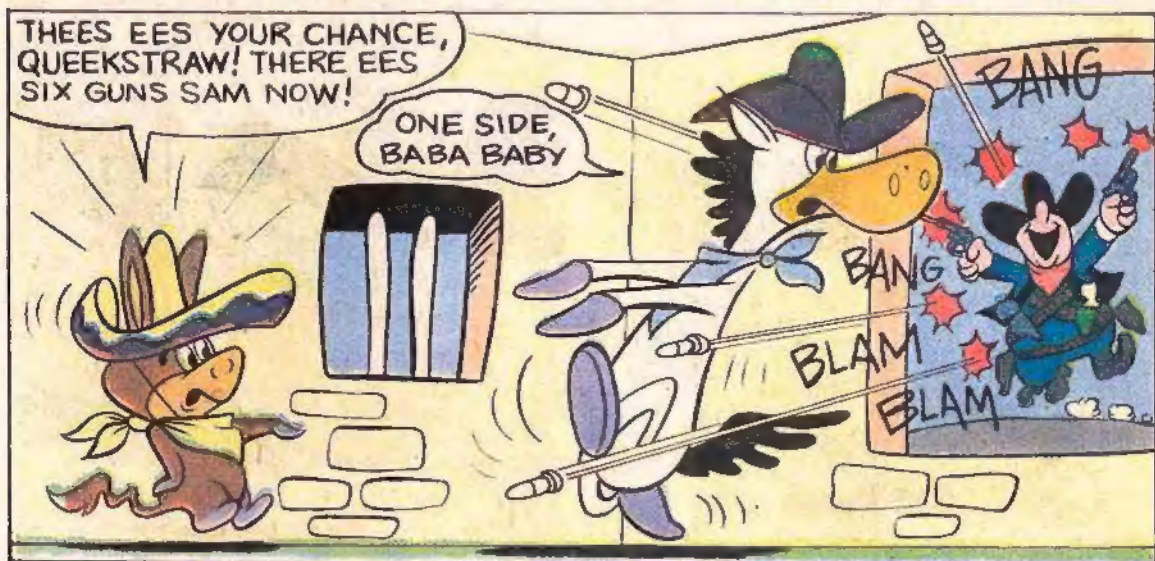
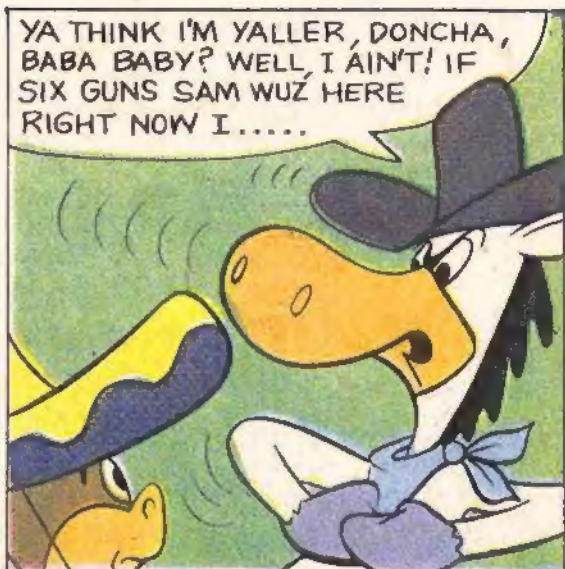
HERE IT BE, SHERIFF! WHAT WUZ
YOU SAYIN' ABOUT ME BEIN' UNDER
ARREST?

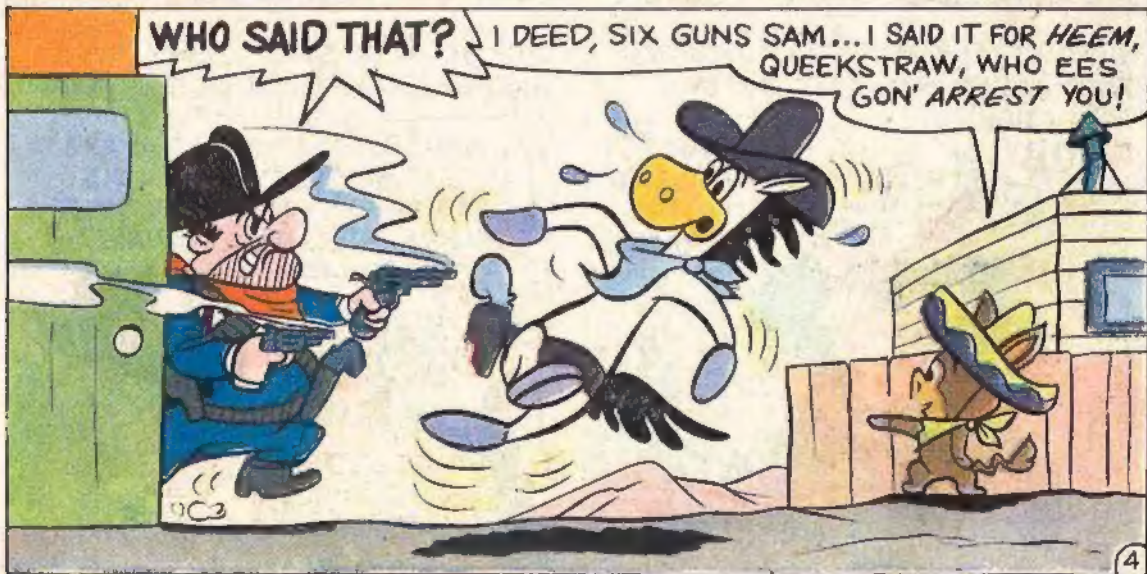
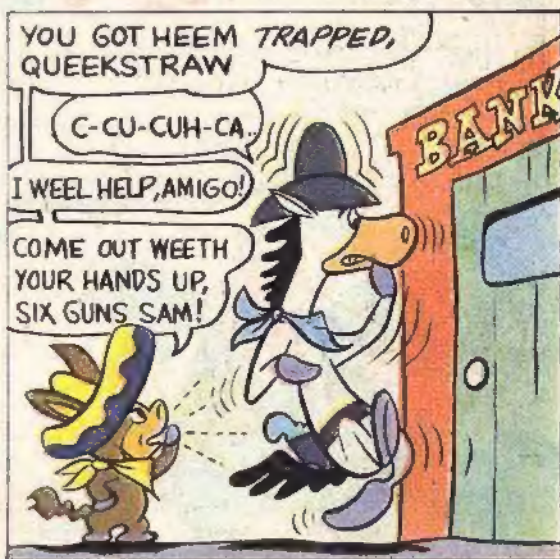
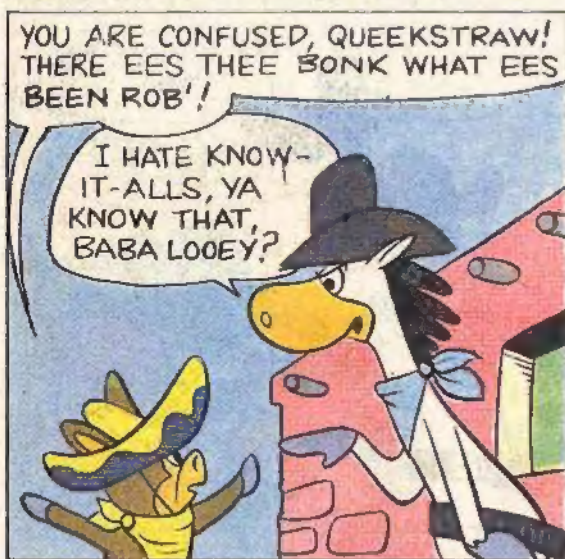
HMMMMM?

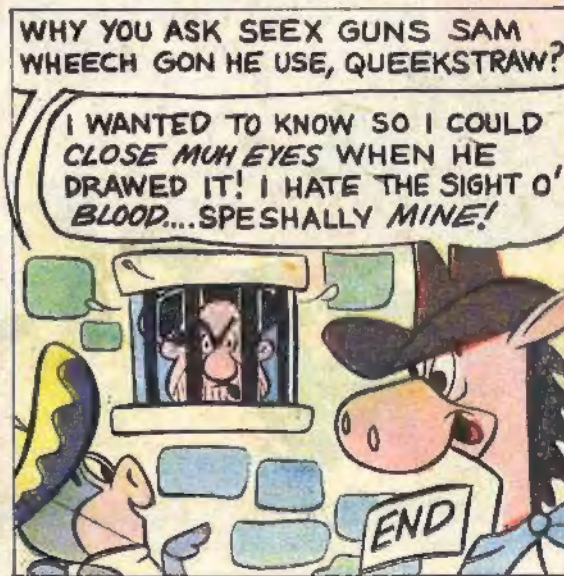
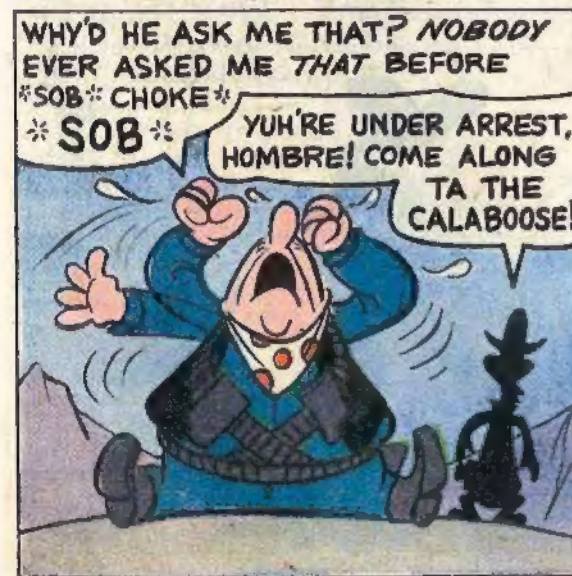
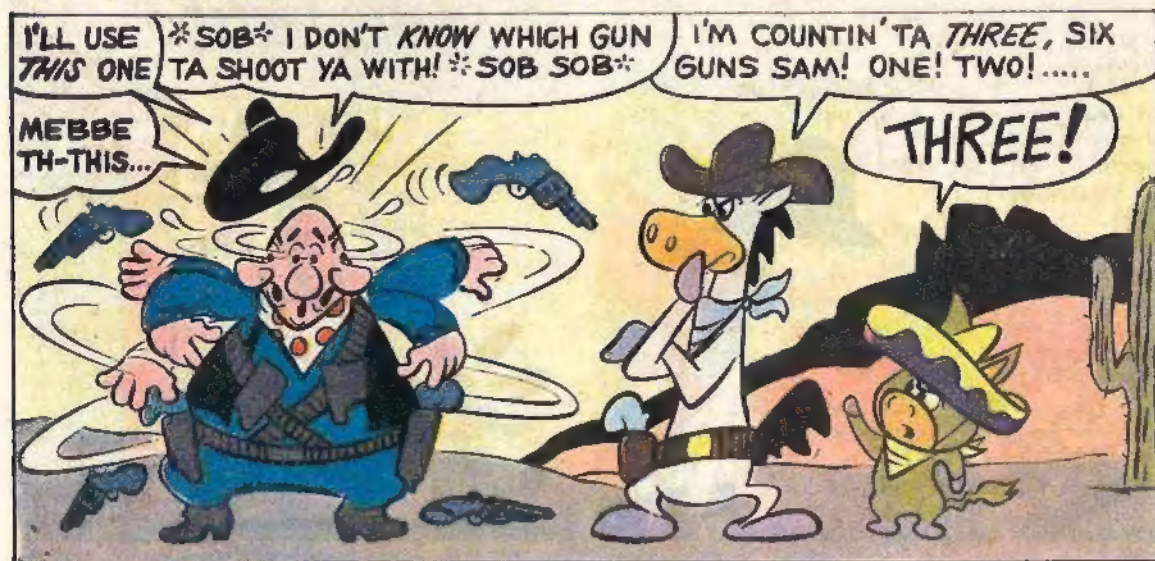
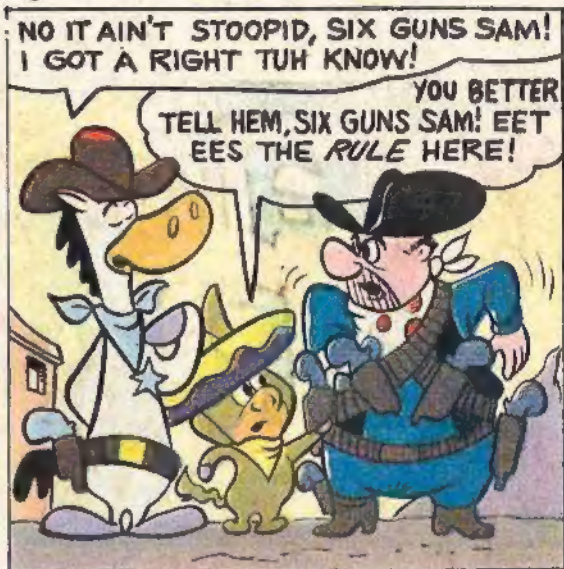
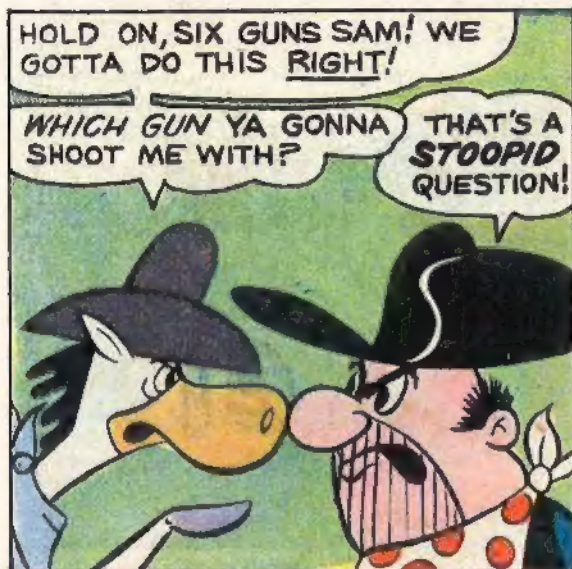


UH, THAT THERE WAS A MISTAKE, MISTER! 'TWARNT YOU ON!
THE WANTED DODGER A-TALL! ♪ ♪ S-SORRY, SIR! BYE-BYE! ♪ ♪

HAR HAR HAR!
NICE MEETIN' YA,
SHERIFF! SEE YA
AROUND
SOMETIME!







Tales from the Panhandler

If you want to use the refined word, you call the person a panhandler. But for centuries he or she was known as a beggar. For some it was a way of life. Others had no alternative. And in some cities there were organizations, guilds, associations, or unions of beggars. Certain spots or areas were given to beggars. So with begging being universal, you can well understand that stories about beggars were almost the same in different parts of the world.

Our first little story has been told in Spanish, German, and in other tongues. The experts will tell you that the blind beggars earn the highest in the field. This beggar picked for himself a spot near the business section of the town. At his side was a little dog carrying a sign which read: "I am Blind."

His take was good each day. He had a tin cup and when a person dropped a coin into it, he would say, "Thank you and God Bless You." And then at the end of three months, a strange thing happened. After a while he had the same kind hearted people dropping coins into his cup. In the words of the beggar fraternity, these are known as "the steadies."

He had one middle aged man who always gave him a quarter. On this day of days, that man passed by and didn't drop in his coin, maybe he was just forgetful and had some important matters on his mind. This beggar ran after that man.

"You forgot to drop your quarter in my cup today, what's the matter with you?" he said in a demanding tone of voice.

The middle aged man was startled for the moment. Then he took a closer look at the beggar.

"You aren't blind at all! You are on big fakir! I will call the police. You fraud!"

"Don't get insulting," replied the beggar calmly. "I am not a fakir or a fraud."

"Yes you are," insisted the man. "You aren't blind and your dog is wearing a sign saying, 'I am Blind.'"

"I never said I was blind," continued the beggar. "Take a look at my dog. It is my dog who is blind. He is wearing that sign. I think you owe me an apology."

Our next story took place on the Main Street of a very busy city. This beggar found a space between two office buildings that just fitted him. He would stand there at lunch time wearing the sign which had but one word: "Blind." And the office girls coming out for lunch would drop coins into his cup. But he was only there during that period of time.

It was a beautiful spring day. This stenographer had dropped a coin into this beggar's cup. She decided at 5 not to go directly home. But to walk to the park and watch the swans in the small artificial lake. So she walked there and there on a bench reading a book was the blind beggar. She became very angry. She walked right up to him.

"You're not blind at all. You pass yourself off as a blind beggar during lunch time. And here you are reading a book."

She never forgot his most indignant answer burl ed at her.

"What you do after your working hours is your business. I demand the same courtesy!"

Our final story comes from Orient. Prince Chan decided the time had come to get rid of the beggars in his Imperial City. So he issued an edict. They had to register for work. But the Blind Beggars refused. So he had them all round up by his special officers and brought before him in the open court of his Imperial building. A pit was dug and spears were placed in it with the points upward. Each beggar was started on a path leading to this pit. And so far, eleven of them screamed and thus admitted that they were fakirs.

"Off with their heads," said Prince Chan. "Thus I give justice as deserved in my kingdom."

As the twelfth beggar started on the path, he spoke his mind to the ruler:

"Oh, great Prince Chan, thou who gives out justice to all. Tell me where is thy justice? If the man is a fakir, off goes his head. If the man is truly blind, he dies in a pit. Is this justice?"

The great Prince Chan meditated. He had this man freed and rewarded him with gold. The records do not tell if he continued as a beggar.

QUICK DRAW McGRAW

The BOOTHILL BRIGADE

BABA LOOEY SAID
YA WANT THE SHERIFF
HERE IN **BOOTHILL!**
WHO SENT
FOR ME?

I DID-BILLY THE KIDDER!
I'M WILD BILL HIKKUP! ME, LASH
LA BOO! I'M JAMES JESSEY!
WYATT BURP. URRRP!.. 'SCUSE ME!
CALL ME DOC WUNADAY!



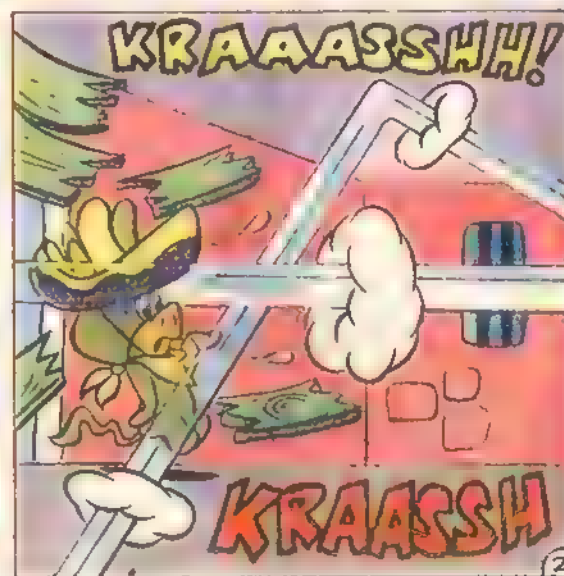
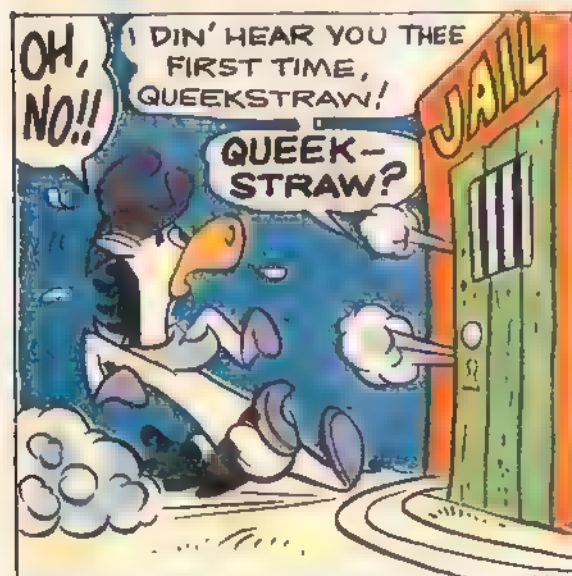
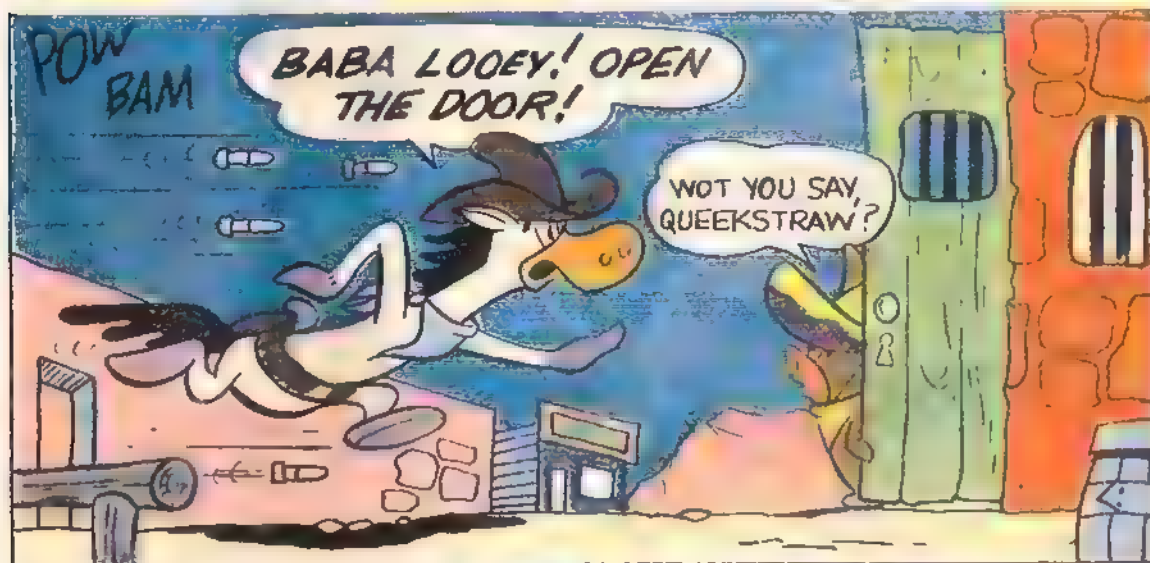
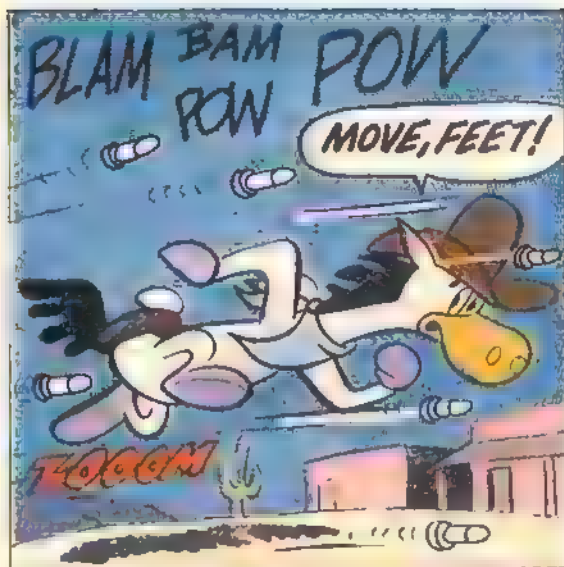
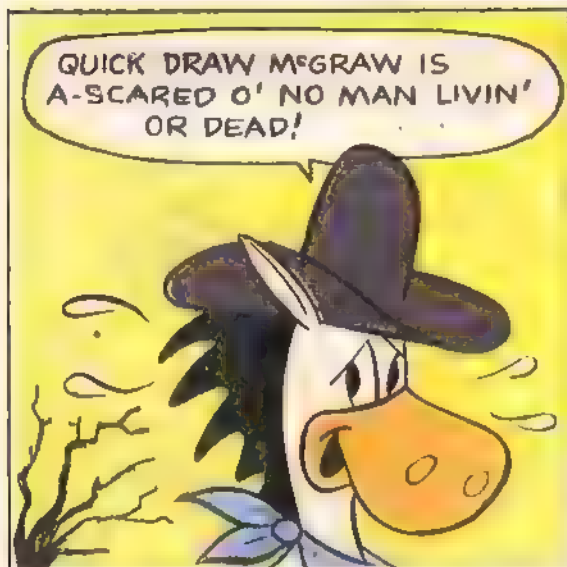
US BOOTHILL BADMEN ARE **ALL DEAD...** BUT DEAD OR ALIVE,
WE HATES LAWMEN!

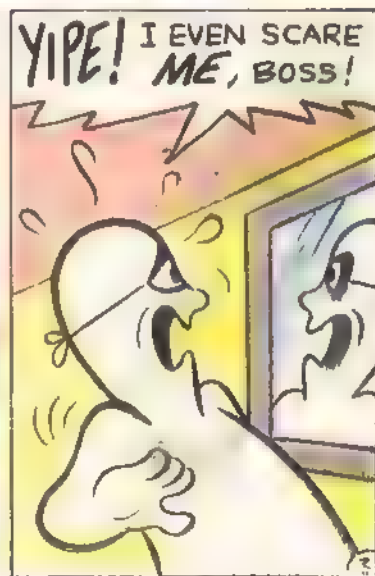
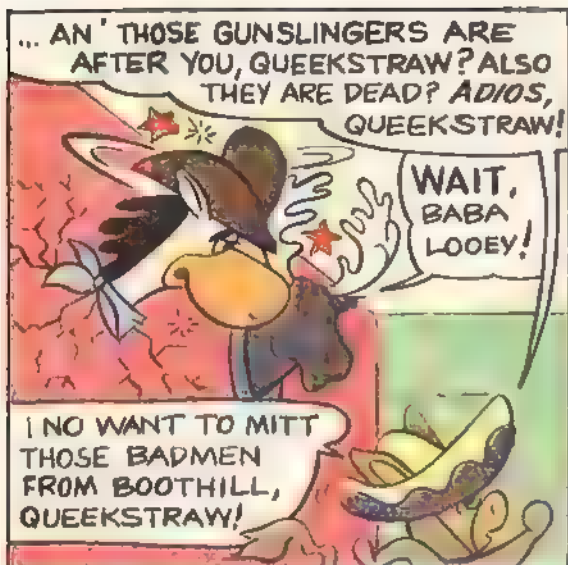
YEAH! NOW, SHUCK YORE
GUNS AN' PEEL OFF THAT
BADGE!

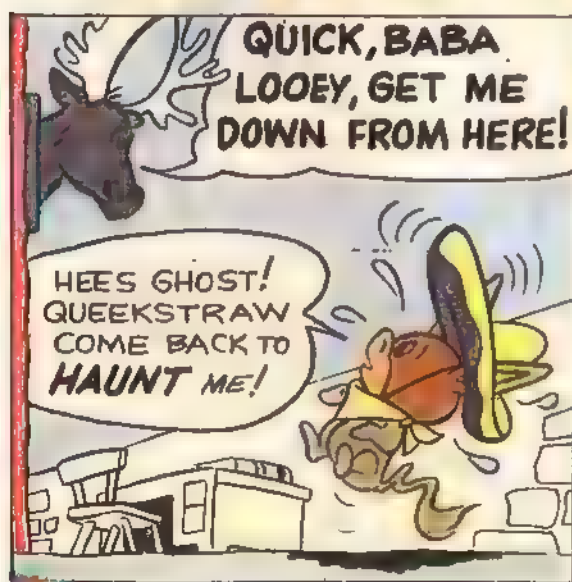
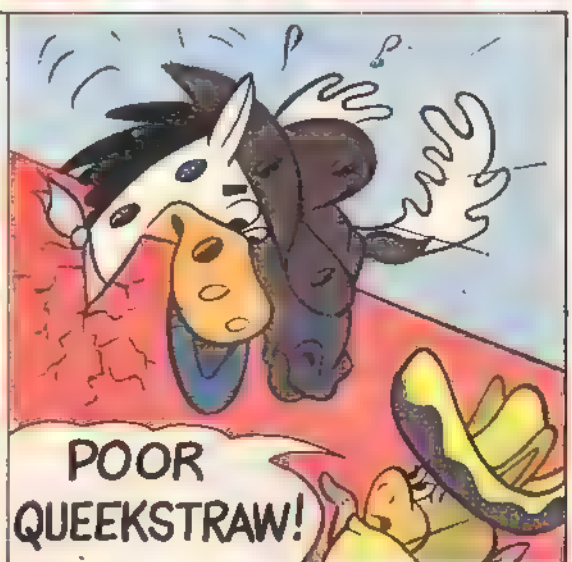
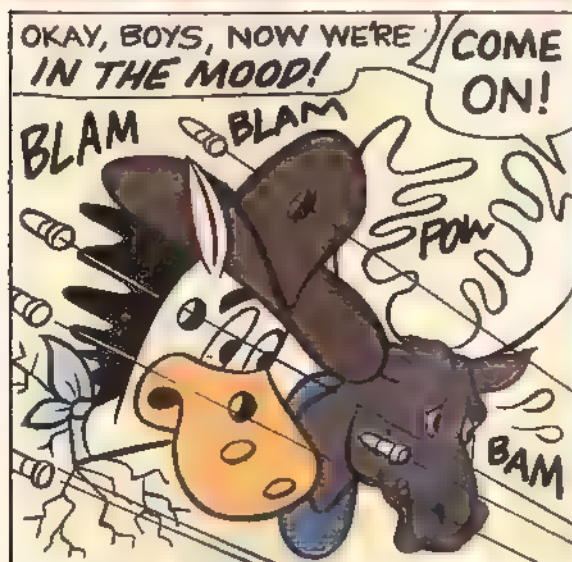
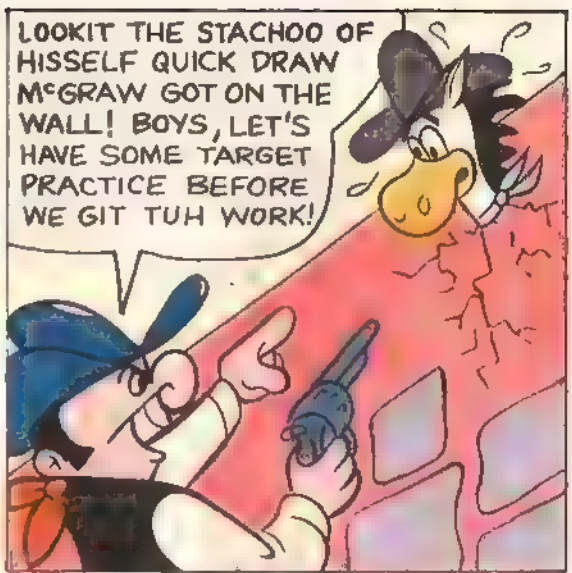
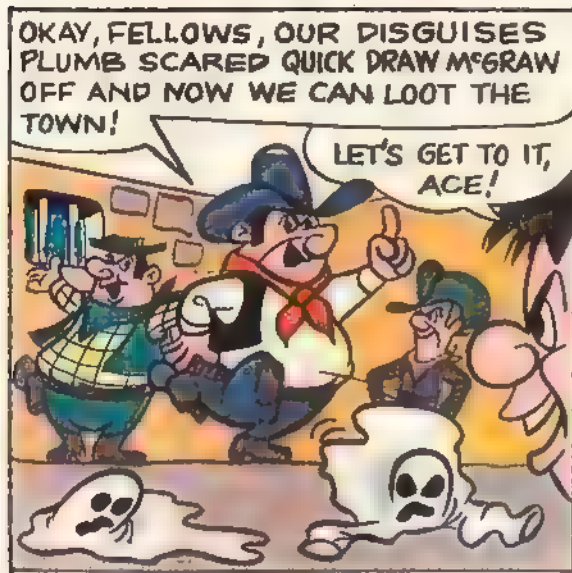
YA CAN'T SCARE
QUICKDRAW McGRAW,
NO SIRREE!

**GET,
IM!**







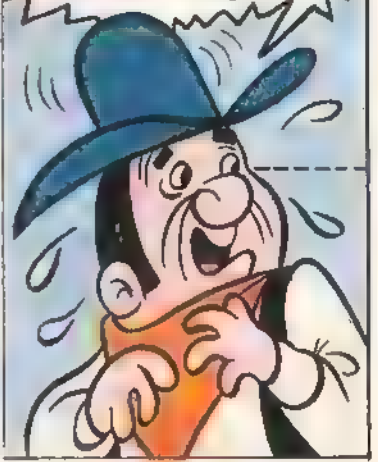


WHERE'S QUICK DRAW MCGRAW?

OKAY, BOYS! SADDLE UP... WE MADE THE BIGGEST HAUL IN HISTORY!



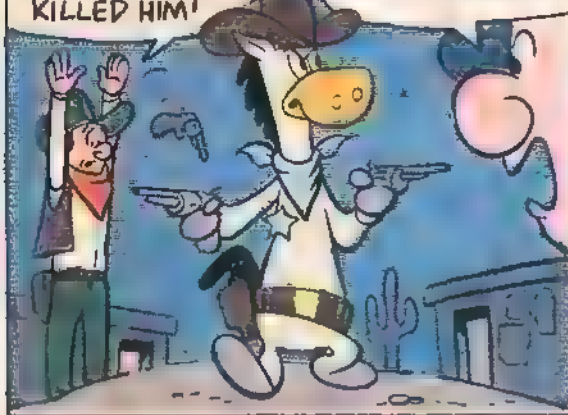
B-B-B-B-BOYS,
LOOK!!!



PUT UP YORE HANDS, YA COTTON-
PICKIN' COYOTES!

IT *CAN'T* BE! WE
KILLED HIM!

IT'S HIS G-G-
GUH-GHOST!



QUEEKSTRAW?
IS IT RILLY
YOUR GHOST?

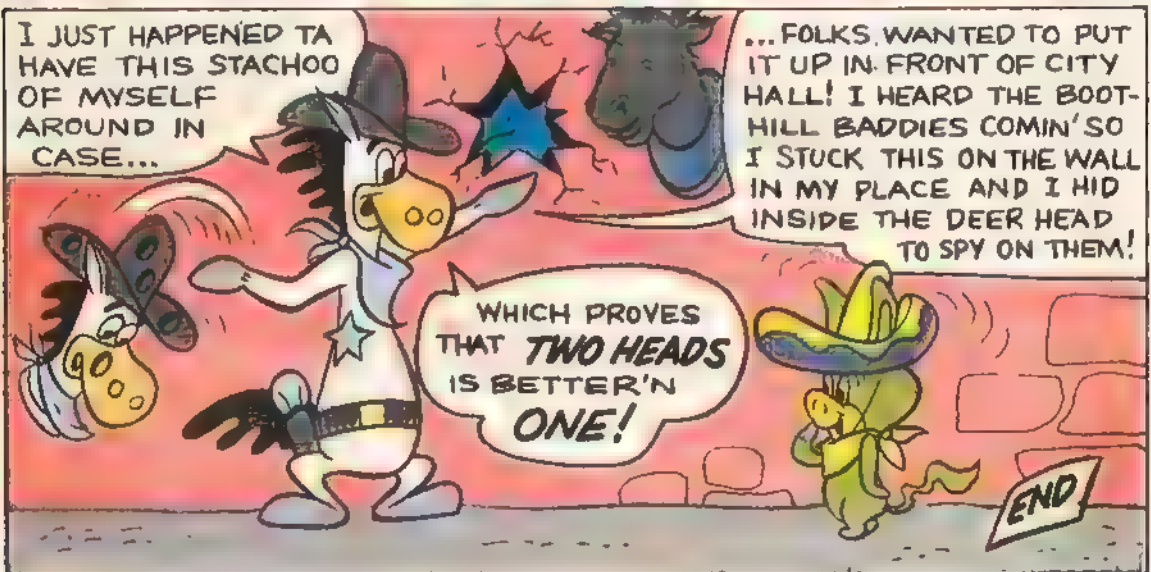
WHEN THEY SHOT
AT ME UP THERE
ON THE WALL,
BABA LOOEY....



I JUST HAPPENED TA
HAVE THIS STACHOO
OF MYSELF
AROUND IN
CASE...

...FOLKS WANTED TO PUT
IT UP IN FRONT OF CITY
HALL! I HEARD THE BOOT-
HILL BADDIES COMIN' SO
I STUCK THIS ON THE WALL
IN MY PLACE AND I HID
INSIDE THE DEER HEAD
TO SPY ON THEM!

WHICH PROVES
THAT *TWO HEADS*
IS BETTER'N
ONE!



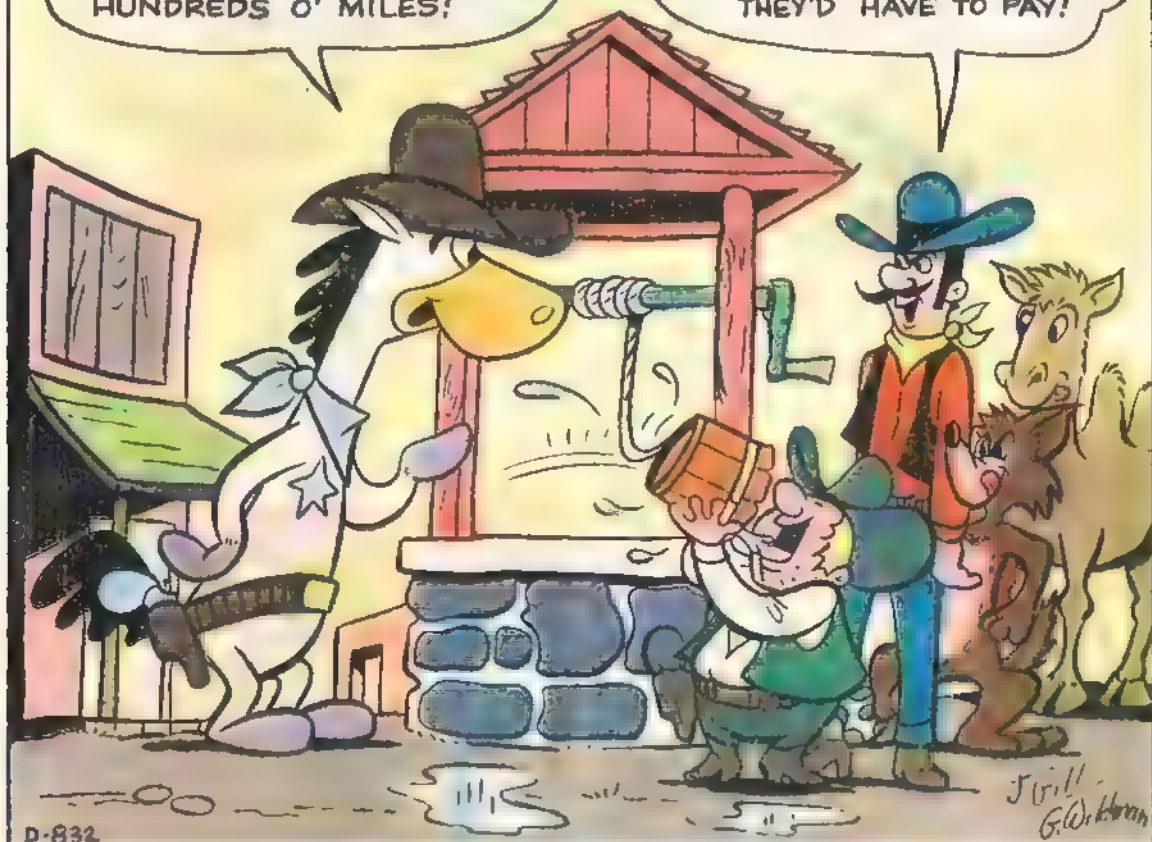
END

**QUICK DRAW
MCGRAW**

I'LL DRINK TUN THAT!

YESSIREEE, THIS HERE
WELL NEVER GOES DRY!
ONLY WATER THERE IS FOR
HUNDREDS O' MILES!

YOU'RE CRAZY TO *GIVE*
THE WATER AWAY! YOU COULD
CHARGE \$10⁰⁰ A GLASS AND
THEY'D HAVE TO PAY!



D-832

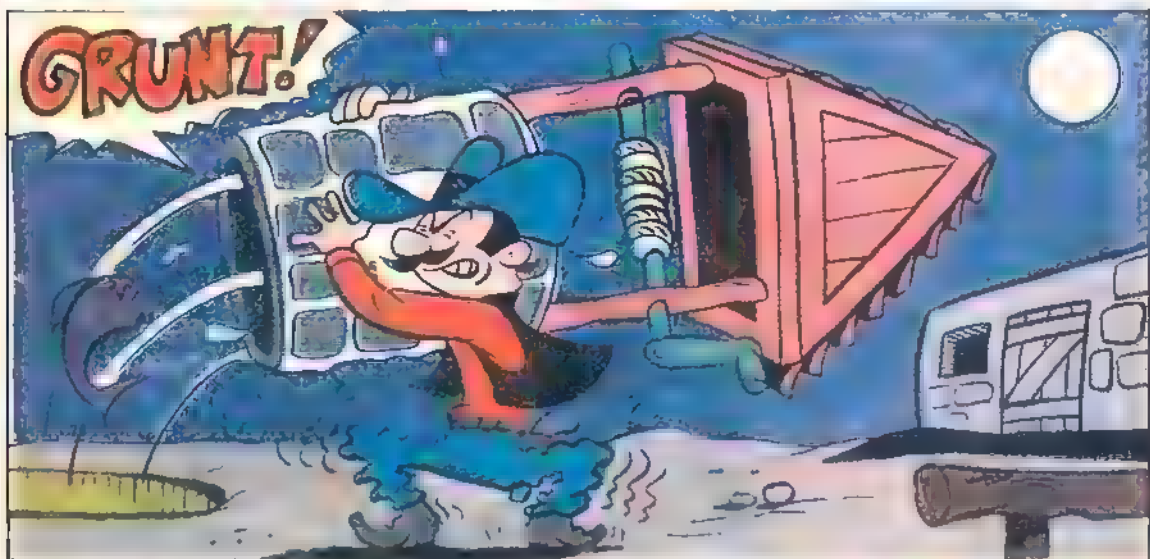
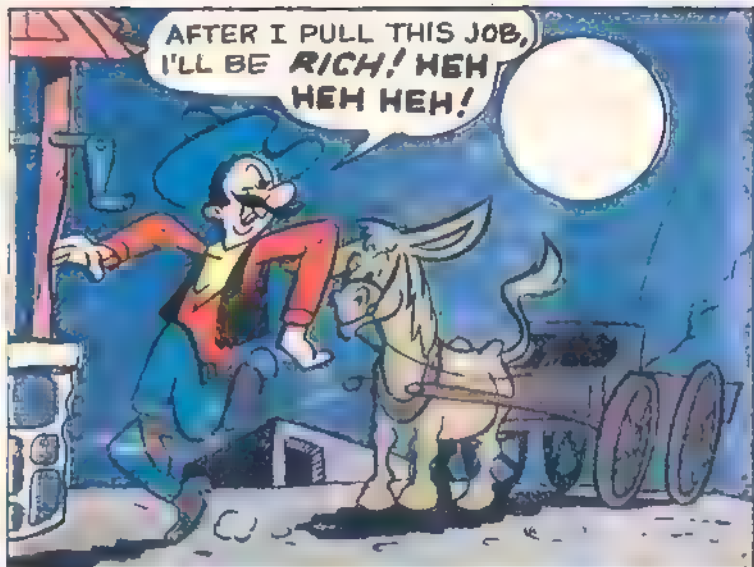
THE WELL BELONGS
TO THE TOWN
AND THE WATER
IS FOR EVERYBODY!

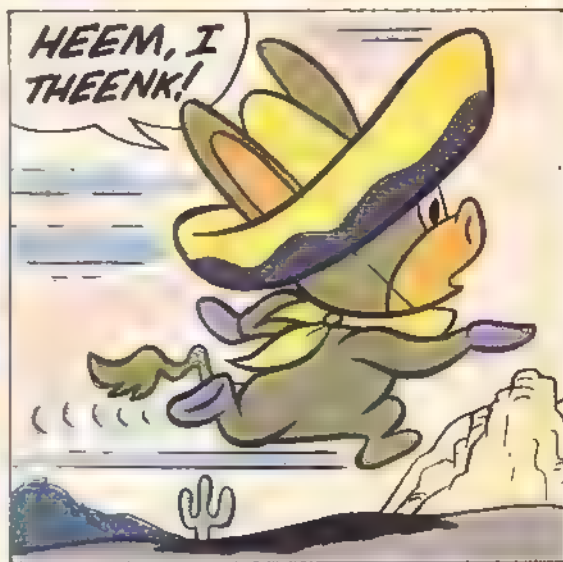
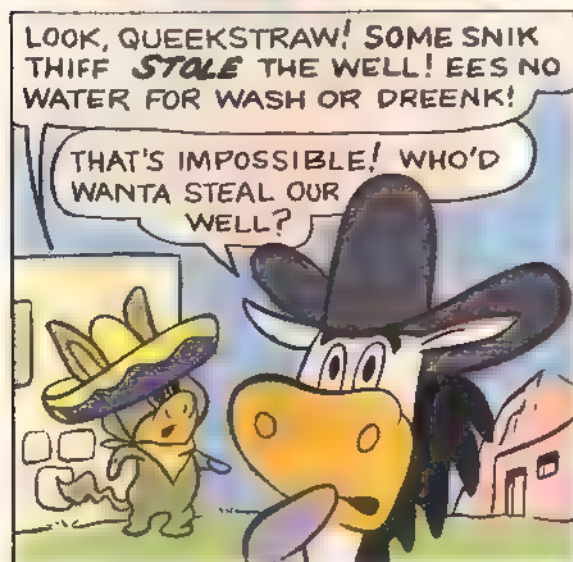
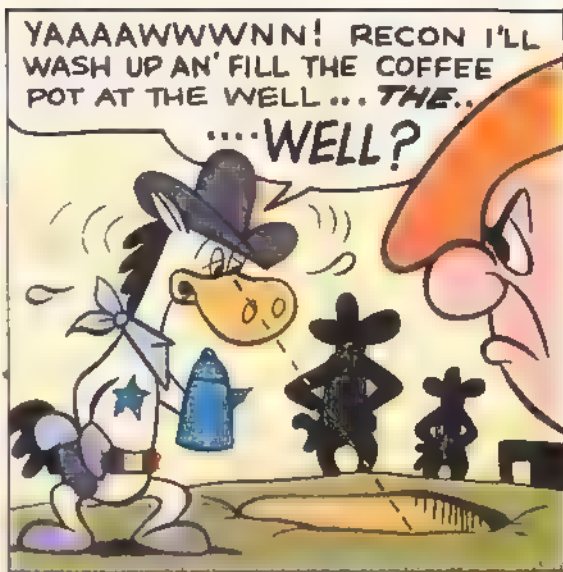
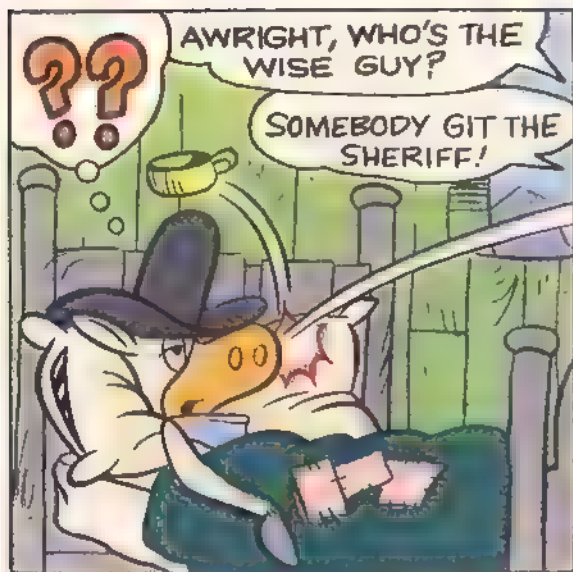
SLUURPP!

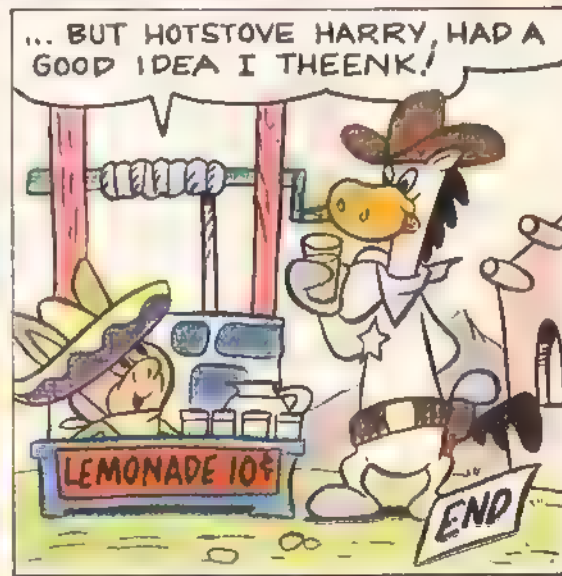
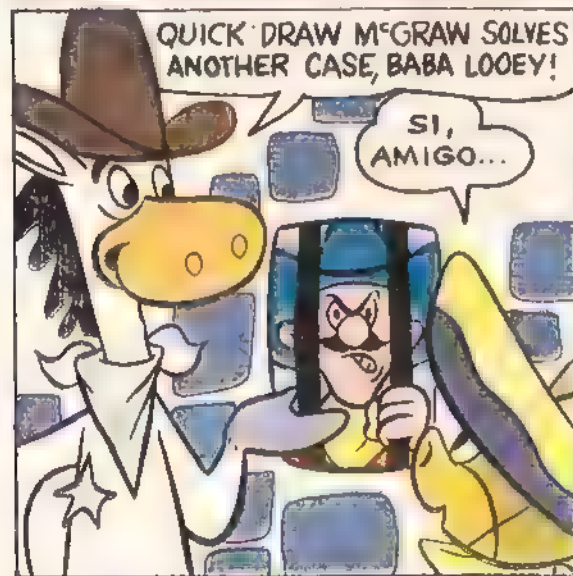
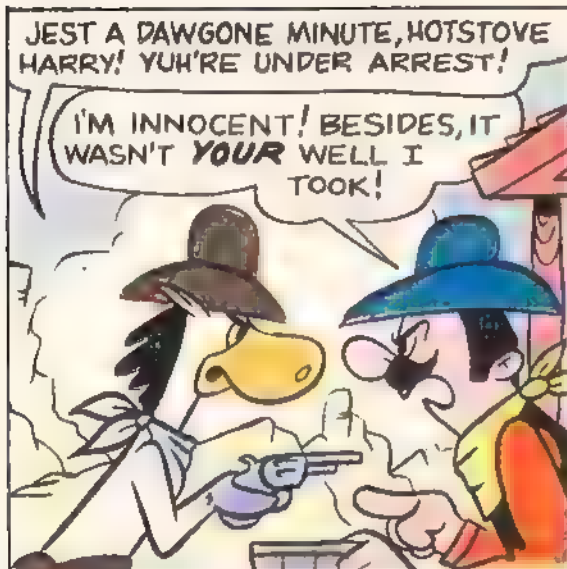
THAT'S THE
WAY IT'S
GONNA BE!

OH, YEAH?









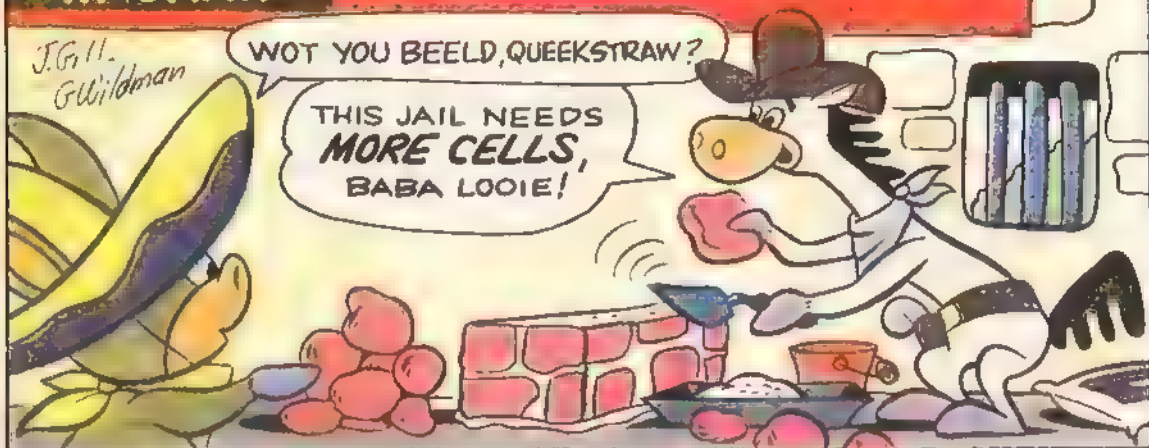
QUICK DRAW MCGRAW

THE BUILD-UP

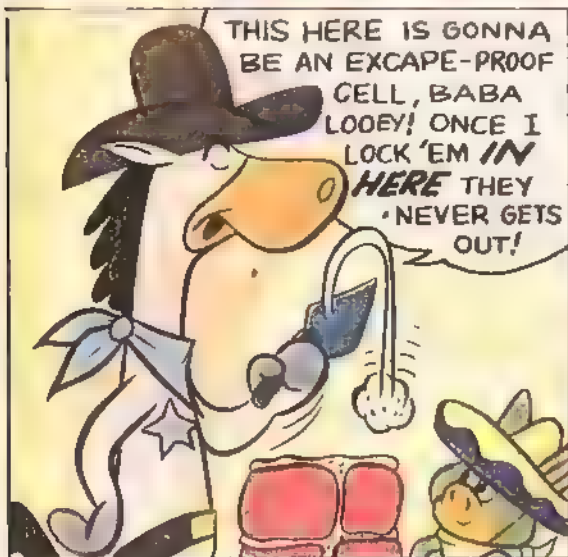
J. Gill
G. Wildman

WOT YOU BEELD, QUEEKSTRAW?

THIS JAIL NEEDS
MORE CELLS,
BABA LOOEIE!



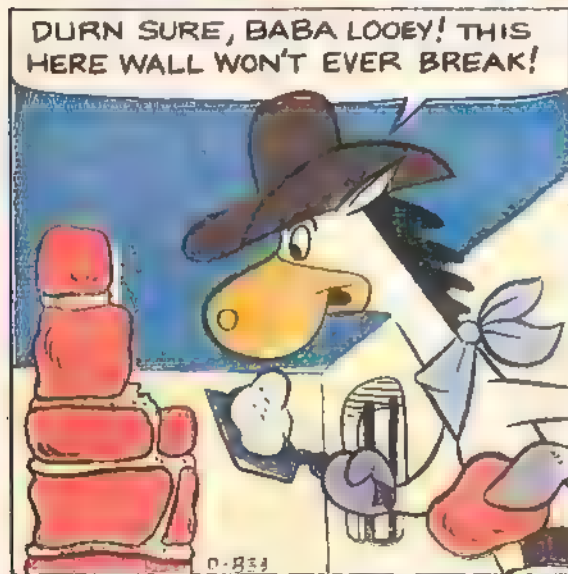
THIS HERE IS GONNA
BE AN EXCAPE-PROOF
CELL, BABA
LOOEY! ONCE I
LOCK 'EM **IN**
HERE THEY
NEVER GETS
OUT!



YOU SURE ABOUT
THAT, QUEEKSTRAW?

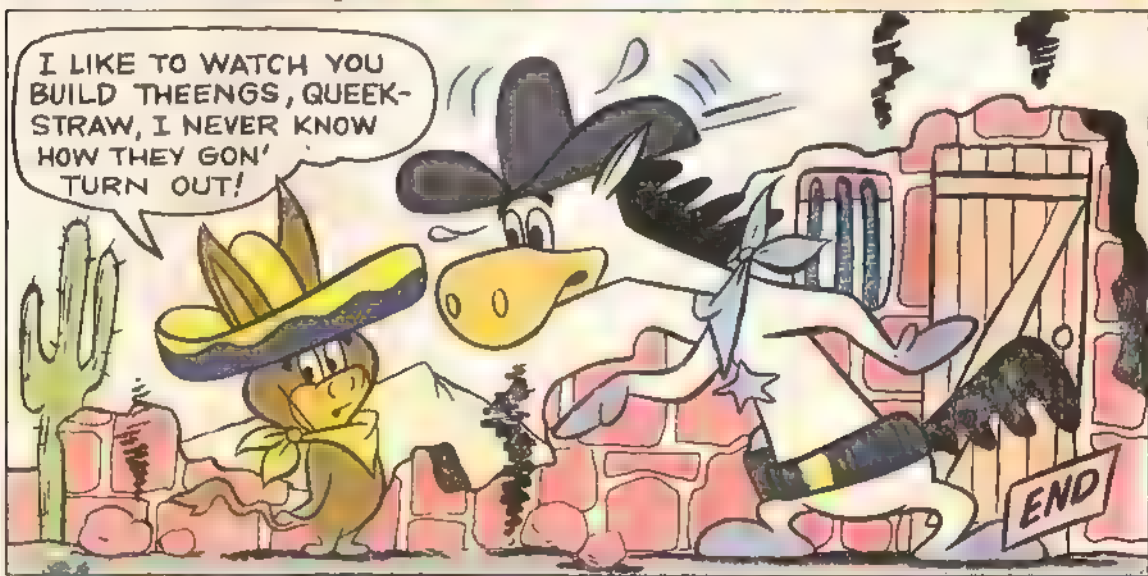
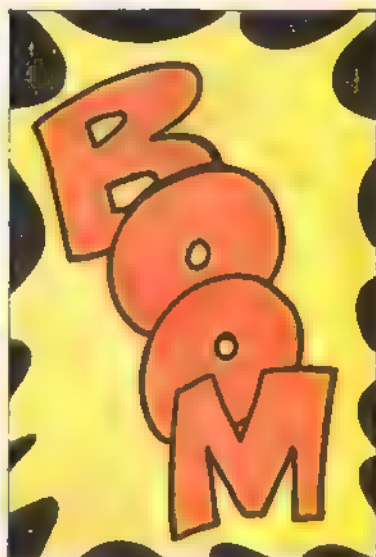
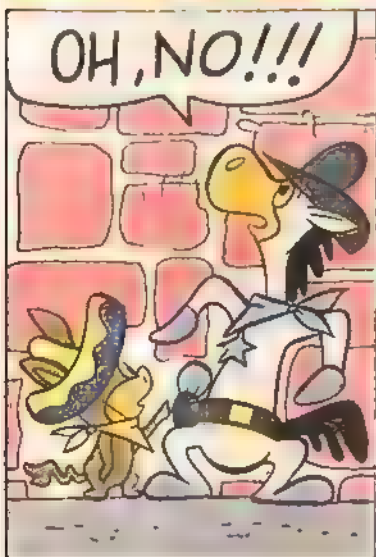
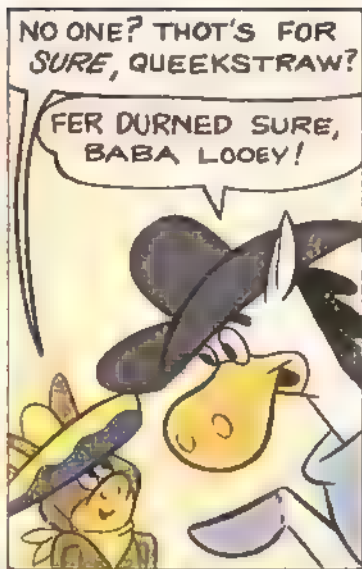


DURN SURE, BABA LOOEY! THIS
HERE WALL WON'T EVER BREAK!



THOT'S TOO BAD,
QUEEKSTRAW!





QUICK DRAW
McGRAW

PIN-UP

DON' LOOK NOW,
QUEEKSTRAW, BUT...
THEES TIME THE BAD
GUY DIN' *MISS!*



J. Gill
G. Wildman

**QUICK DRAW
McGRAW**

Three Times As Bad!

I TRACKED HIM HERE

I ASSURE YOU, SNOOPER, THERE AIN'T NO CRIME
IN OUR FAIR CITY!

BUT...

TAKE MY WORD FOR IT, SNOOPER!
NO CRIME.



D-614

WHAT'S THE
NAME OF THIS
CRIMINAL WHO
I GUARANTEE
AIN'T HERE,
SNOOPER?

I THOUGHT
YOU'D NEVER
ASK, QUICKDRAW!



HIS NAME IS... **THE TERRIBLE TRIO!**

TERRIBLE TRIO? YOU SAID
YOU TRACKED ONE MAN?

THEY ARE ONE
MAN... THE
THREE OF
THEM ARE
IDENTICAL!

